

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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How I Didn't Learn to Type

JANE BUESCHER

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1944-1945

TYPING, I WAS LED TO BELIEVE WHEN I WAS A SOPHOMORE in high school, is very necessary if one intends to go to college. At that time, when the various typewriter companies were still able to sell their products, a magazine was hardly complete without an advertisement telling the reader the joys and advantages of owning such a machine. I read them all with much interest. "College professors definitely prefer the typewritten page." . . . "The student who types his themes receives better grades than does the one who hands in papers which are difficult to read." . . . "Anna Jones says that she could not get along without her typewriter." I was convinced.

My next task was to convince my father that I should own my own typewriter. Quite correctly, he maintained that it would be a definite waste of money to purchase one for me, since I did not know how to type anyhow. I solved that by enrolling in a first-year typewriting class the next fall. By this time it was impossible to obtain a typewriter, but I was determined to learn anyway.

The class was a large one. I guess most of the typing classes were. The school had purchased a hundred and thirty new office models of several popular makes of machines a few years before, and these were arranged on tables in three rooms. Most of the students in my class were future secretaries and all of them were seniors.

During the first class, when all the others were ready to begin, I was still fumbling with the process of inserting the paper. The idea was to hold the paper in the left hand in back of the black roller, and then twirl a knob on the right-hand side until the paper was visible in front. I found that my paper always whirled around all right, but one side usually stuck up farther than the other. I finally disregarded this, since the other forty-nine students were ready to begin the first lesson.

I opened my book to the first page and sat waiting for instructions. It was at that moment that I discovered that instead of containing the usual letters and numbers, the keys before me were glossy black. Perhaps I had been cheated! However, a quick glance around me showed that all the other typewriters were constructed in the same manner. It was a rather severe shock to me, but I realized the prestige it would give us later when a visitor walked into the room and found us typing away while gayly discussing our weekend dates. I was impressed by the thought.

Generally speaking, the first few days were rather easy. We were told

to place our fingers on the second row of keys beginning at the bottom. Our teacher coyly referred to these as our "home" keys. Large charts showed us what these keys were, and in a few days we were reasonably familiar with them. Next we learned to strike a "home" key, the key above it, and then come back "home." Exercises followed in quick succession:

juj juj juj juj kik kik kik lol lol ;p; ;p;
 frf frf frf ftf ftf ded ded sws aqa aqa fgf jhj
 fur jug jug fur fur fur jug jug jug kid kid kid.

It wasn't very difficult when you were on your own, but the catch came when the whole class worked in unison. The teacher would shout out the letter we were supposed to hit, and the idea was to find it as soon as the rest of the class did. Somehow I always managed to get behind and I had to catch up in some manner. Thus, when the other machines were completely quiet, a gentle tapping could usually be heard coming from the direction of my table. It was rather embarrassing.

The day we began using the shift key, I nearly sprained several of my fingers. That teacher has learned by now never to give a student credit for knowing in advance a solitary thing about her subject. When explaining how to make a capital letter, she told us to place our little finger on the shift key while striking the letter we wished to capitalize. She neglected to mention that if the key is to be struck with the right hand, you should shift with the left hand. I repeatedly tried to do both with the same hand. I mastered the art of making a capital letter only three days after the rest of the class.

Before too long, we were writing complete sentences. This, along with the little drills, was continued for about a week before the next step was reached. Somehow, I still have a grudge against the day we were first timed on the typing of a paragraph. The thought made me extremely nervous, and from the time the teacher said "Begin," to the time she yelled "Stop!" my hands quivered as I typed as fast as I could. During the minute, I typed a little over a line. We were then told how to compute our rate of typing. Until that time, I had never realized how important errors were. By the time I had finished subtracting ten points for each mistake, I found that I had written a negative twenty-seven words. I decided that I was worse off than if I hadn't taken the test; I tried to cut down the quantity of my mistakes. Several days later I actually showed some positive results, for I quit going in the hole and began typing an average of two words a minute.

Timed tests became more numerous, but I never liked them any better. The worst blow of all came when the teacher began to make us hand in our papers. She also informed us that we could not erase mistakes, and that any paper with a strikeover on it would get a zero. We were crushed.

If I had known what I soon learned about timed tests, I doubt whether I would have taken the typing course. The short tests were bad enough, but the ten and twenty minute ones were absolute misery. My hands became

clammy; my stomach did flip-flops. And then we were told to start. Fifty shaking people began to bang like mad on their machines, and the noise was astounding, to say the least. Sometimes I'd lose my place in the copy, and I'd become so panic-stricken that I couldn't think. Once in a while the fellow next to me would get furious and yank out his paper several times during a test. This was usually accompanied by a volley of disconcerting words, which sometimes became incorporated in my own paper.

Several things could happen during one of those tests, each of which would result in a low grade. I think that the worst was when I got my fingers off the "home" keys without realizing it; the net results were terrific. Typing the same sentence twice was also bad for the score, and caused many a bad paper. Then there were all kinds of little things that could ruin a perfectly good attempt. Wrong indentations, failure to double-space, not making a dash correctly, hyphenating a word in the wrong place, having the ribbon come out, typing too close to the bottom of the page—the penalties for these and many others made my life miserable for a whole year.

Another thing that was able to turn a sane student into a raving maniac was the copy we had to type. Usually it was new material, but this fact did not bother me so much. The trouble lay in the fact that the stories or articles were written about such dull subjects:

The beaver began to gnaw away at the base of the tree, and continued until a grasshopper approached him.

"I say," said Mother, as she ran to the neighbors with a cup of sugar, "I do believe it looks like rain."

Right along, the teacher kept adding information about other parts of a typewriter and their uses. I absorbed most of the information, and, by taking slight glances at the students around me, I did quite well. On the last day of school, when I supposedly knew everything about typing wills and business letters, putting in ribbons, tabulation, and stencils, I was given the class period in which to type anything I wished. The result was a letter so bad that I couldn't even send it to my friend. I found it the other day, and after reading it over, I began to wonder if I really did learn to typewrite that year. The middle section went like this:

"Well, this is queer. Today, it is the bast say of schook (I811 try again) schood (mope, again) school. Any how our typing teacher said that we could take tine to write a letter to anybody we wanted. So here I sit typing away. Gee, I feel so wongerful. The last day of schook. (Oh, my gosh) schook/.,)'(—'\$"# school YiPee;

"I hear that You called up home the other noght. You know I have a passion for that shift key. Well I'll learn. Sonfident aren't I? I hope you engoy this, acuse you shouls see what I8m going through. Un case you can't reak this, I guess I'd better write in ink.

"Gee, I can't say what I feel on a typewriter. Sonehow it isn't the sane."

A Man and His Farm

JOSEPH J. BRANKEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1944-1945

WHEN I ACQUIRED THE FARM, IT WAS SEVERELY run-down, eroded, overrun with noxious weeds, grown over with brush. It was stony, hilly, and had a clay soil with an impervious subsoil. The buildings were dilapidated, and the yard was a sea of mud in the wet seasons. Then I began to rebuild.

Many of the operations of rebuilding the farm went on simultaneously. While we were working on reclaiming the land, we were also repairing and painting; we wired the house for electricity, newly papered it, and had a new roof put on. Also, we graveled the yard.

In the fields the problem was much more difficult. As my folks were not farmers, even though we had lived on a farm, and as I was not yet eighteen, I had an experienced soil rebuilder come to look over the problems and advise me. His only advice was to tidy the place up a little, get some green crops on it, and sell it immediately to some city man. I did not take his advice, for I was enthusiastic and, I admit, ignorant. So I started to rebuild the farm with the knowledge I had obtained from reading and observation. People had always taunted me with the idea that such a plan could not work out, especially with me at the helm.

The first move was to test the soil for acidity. It was found to be quite acid and possibly capable of growing alsike clover, the legume which is most tolerant of an acid soil. As growing legumes is one of the first steps in soil rebuilding, I sowed alsike clover with a nurse crop of oats. A nurse crop holds the soil with its roots and protects the other crop from extreme sunlight until the latter is established.

I can see the fields now as they were when I first pulled into them with a tractor and disk. They were generally covered with a growth of last year's crop of cockleburrs. Some of them were taller than the tractor. Others, on the hills, were dwarfed. Here and there were large oval patches of Canada thistles as well as scattered small groups. Then, too, there was the nice green quack grass, which was as general as the thistles. Quack grass is a thickly rooted grass which smothers out crops and pollutes them with its seed. Many other assorted weeds were to be found over the entire farm. The pasture was very weak and generally grown up to bull thistles, mullein, farmers' lice, Canada thistles, and brush.

The small fields were seriously eroded with many bad gullies, some of them large enough to hide a small cow. Especially on top of the many hills were found multitudes of assorted rocks ranging from the size of an apple

to that of a kitchen stove. Most of the slopes had the top soil removed by washing and were nothing but subsoil. The fallen down fences and fence rows were grown up with brush: hawthorns, sumacs, vines, and crab apple. The sixty-acre farm was traversed by four main creeks, fed by the gullies. What a mess! But—it was inspiring in that it offered a challenge to my ingenuity. Let 'er RIP!

First I tried to see the good points of the situation, to find what the farm had that was good, and to use it as the nucleus of my rebuilding.

In the early spring I worked steadily, picking up rocks and cutting brush. I saw that the gullies would have to be healed and that dams made of material from the brush, rocks, and other things at hand would help. Therefore, we turned these things into an asset in the form of dams. At stages in the gullies we drove stakes into the ground and wove the slender sumacs between them. In front of these dams we placed old straw and manure, weighted with rocks. We left spillways in the dams, and behind them we placed more stones to prevent gullying by the overwash. Then, the dams being completed, I sowed alsike clover and timothy seed in the gullies to help establish a vegetative cover. A neighbor who helped me for a time told me he thought it was foolish, and that it would "like as not fail." We went on anyway.

As spring progressed I disked the worked land and sowed oats and alsike clover. Along with these crops the cockleburrs, thistles, and other weeds were to grow, for there was no way to get rid of the vast number of weed seeds on the ground.

Next I did a quick makeshift job of repairing fences so that cattle could be turned into the pastures. I burned the many seed heads of the bull thistles to prevent the seed from being blown around. The grass came up weak and sickly. It, like the rest of the farm, was in poor condition.

Then it was back to cutting brush, working on fences and on the endless job of hoeing thistles. Gol—darn! How I sweated on the other end of that hoe! Was I glad when we got a power mower! I would murderously and relentlessly run that mower through those disconcerting weeds. It is the repeated cutting of these thieves, just as they are about to set seed, that kills them, and that I did wherever they were concentrated.

Finally harvest came. The oats were a sorry sight. Did I say oats? Rather I should say cockleburrs, thistles, and other weeds. Fourteen acres yielded only nine bushels of weedy, stinking oats to the acre, while twenty-four acres were so poor that I mowed them to cut the weeds. The yield of nine bushels per acre did not pay for the combining.

The second year went much like the first. I built dams, repaired the old ones, cut brush, picked up tons and tons of rocks, fixed fences, and began experimenting with strip cropping and terracing with an automatic leveling device I built on the tractor. Strip cropping is planting, across the slope,

bands of different crops, alternating between cultivated and non-cultivated crops such as corn and hay, respectively. Terracing is the building of level, concentric ridges of earth around and on the hills to catch run-off water and the soil it carries.

The alsike clover that was sown for seed the previous year was purged of thistles and other weeds as much as was practical. The crop was not too poor, but the price at which we had to sell the seed was low, and accordingly the year's expenses were barely covered.

I could see that I would need more technical farm training to get the farm going in any reasonable length of time, so I attended the University of Wisconsin Farm Short Course for two winters. Here I learned much about soil conservation, fertilization, new and better plant varieties and their growth requirements. Following the first year at school I put as many of these ideas into use as possible. I fertilized the fields with lime and phosphate. I bought a combination grain drill, which sows commercial fertilizer with the seed. I bought the better producing and disease-resisting crop seeds and treated them for various fungus diseases. I prepared the soil as nearly as possible to suit the needs of the crops to be grown.

This year I sowed the farm mainly to oats again because oats do better on poor soil than some other crops and because they tend to be soil conserving. Mixed with the oats was alfalfa and grass seed. As the land had been fertilized with lime, phosphate, and commercial fertilizer, I reasoned that it might raise a fair crop of alfalfa, which demands higher soil fertility. Alfalfa, as you know, is a high producer of hay and a good soil improver.

In this year the oats were much cleaner and yielded about fifty bushels per acre. Things were going much better, and the neighbors began talking among themselves. They saw I was getting results on "the poorest farm in Homer township," but still thought I was crazy. The next year was to make them talk even more.

In the fall I went back to the University of Wisconsin and returned the following spring just "raring" to go. I began with the same general work: new dams built, old ones repaired. Some of the gullies by now were almost filled and could be driven over. By careful sodding I formed a grass waterway to protect them from washing. I built new terraces, that proved to be very valuable. The neighbors laughed at the rings around the hills. I cut more brush, picked up more stones and made a stream crossing of them, tore down old fences and built new ones. To add humus to the soil and thus increase its fertility I plowed under the legumes over most of the land, hauled manure to the slopes, where the soil was poorest. With the aid of the new grain drill I sowed hundreds of dollars' worth of commercial fertilizer with the new crop. This grain drill was the only one of its kind in the area, and was dubbed "another of the 'professor's' fool ideas." This tool was one of the major helps in rebuilding the farm.

At the time of harvest that year, the picture was very different from earlier scenes. The fields were quite free of weeds, and there was a golden, waving sea of oats, a bumper crop! The neighbors couldn't believe their eyes. "Surely there must be some mistake: it couldn't happen on this farm. The oats probably weren't as good as they looked anyway." But they were. They yielded an average of eighty bushels per acre; and the alfalfa that I had sown with the oats—it was even and healthy. No one around had as good a stand. The alfalfa which I had sown the previous year was fine too. It had, instead of the usual two or three tons per acre, yielded five tons per acre! This puzzled the farmers. Maybe this "professor," as they called me, had something, but they weren't ready to admit it, no siree. "He'll run amuck yet," they figured. "He can't do it again. Something will happen."

In this year I began to make a little money. Back debts had to be paid. If I hadn't been living at home I don't know what I would have eaten. Every cent I had went into the battle to bring the farm back and to prove that it could be done. Its success meant almost my life to me.

Now the fifth year was different from the previous years in that I bought even better seed oats. They were the newest development of the University of Wisconsin and were smut and rust resistant as well as high yielding and sturdy. I planted corn again for the second year. I worked at dams, terraces, grass waterways, fences, brush, weeds, and rocks as usual. I rented adjoining land and sowed it to oats. The farmers grinned to themselves upon seeing me working in the field by the road. "Why, that land ain't raised a crop in five years and it's so ditched that a horse would break a leg in it. This is where the 'professor' will make his mistake." I applied the same treatment to it as to my own land. I treated the gullies and poured on a suitable commercial fertilizer with the new variety of oats.

The season that year was bad for oats; it was cold and rainy. Most of the fields looked sick, but the "professor's" oats didn't look so damn bad, did they? The new variety of oats, with the help of the sustaining commercial fertilizer, was paying off. The fields were an even carpet of green. I hoed weeds and thistles constantly, repaired ditches made by the overabundant rains. Summer came. The oats and all my crops were in wonderful shape. The plowed-down legumes made the corn grow tall, and the alfalfa was green and dense. The fences were new, and hardly any sign of brush could be seen. The terraces and contours lay guarding the hill soils. Dams were ready to check gully-washing rains. Grass waterways protected the places where gullies had once been on the rampage.

When harvest time came, the oat field in the rented land by the road, like all my other fields, was clean and golden. Through the country many oat fields would yield practically nothing because of the hard, cold rains, because of the disease brought on by the weather, because of the hot, dry

summer. True, my oats were not what they could have been, but were good for the year.

As we began to combine, farmers stopped to see the new variety of oats, to see what the crop had done under the hard circumstances. The seed was a deep gold, was plump and above the standard by many pounds per bushel.

The barrier was broken. The farmers ordered seed oats from me as we combined. They had a different way of saying "professor" now. Farmers came to me to find out how I did it, to find out about gully control, about commercial fertilizer, about terracing, about new crops, and, as I was a fairly successful dairyman, about dairy feeding. The goal had been reached, the game won! I could look back with pride to the road that brought me: the years of disappointment, of poverty when I couldn't feel right when I bought even an ice cream cone; when I played the tough game of getting rid of brush, rocks, weeds, ditches; when I sweated building dams, terraces, fences; when I bent under the hundreds of bags of commercial fertilizer; when I ached from loading many, many loads of manure and many loads of rocks and stone. Yes, I could look back then, and I look back now and chuckle to myself; it could be done and I did it.

Though I have moved from that neighborhood to better land, I still have a warm feeling for "Homer township, the place the Lord forgot when He made the world." And when I go back they still remember me as—"the professor."

Mixed Farming Is Good Business

ROBERT A. ADKISSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1944-1945

TWO SEPARATE AND DISTINCT METHODS OF FARMING are employed here in Illinois—mixed farming and grain farming. Mixed farming is the production of both grain and livestock. Most of the grain is fed to the livestock and then sold as pork or beef. In grain farming, on the other hand, crops are raised and sold as such. There is little, if any, livestock. Which of these two types of farming is the better business? The answer depends on the issues of profit, soil maintenance, and ease of work.

In the first place, mixed farming is more profitable than grain farming in dollars and cents. By raising twenty bushels of corn, feeding it to a hog, and selling the hog, a farmer can get several more dollars for his corn. If he could not, he would not raise hogs. It is the same with beef cattle. The favorable ratio between the price of feed and the price of live pork and beef is a source of profit to the mixed farmer.

Secondly, mixed farming will maintain the soil, whereas grain farming will deplete it. Upon the maintenance of a good soil successful farming depends. The soil is like a bank. If you make withdrawals constantly without making any deposits, you will deplete the bank account. So it is with the soil. If a farmer raises a crop and sells every bit of the crop directly, he is making a withdrawal and no deposit. But in mixed farming, a crop of corn, for instance, will be fed to livestock on the farm, right down to the last ear. As the animals grow, they make manure—tons of it. This manure is collected and taken back to the land—a deposit that will almost counterbalance the withdrawal effected by the growing of the corn.

Furthermore, mixed farming maintains the soil because of the many acres of hay crops required; livestock must have hay and pasture. The legumes, like clover and alfalfa, that fulfill these hay and pasture needs are great soil-maintainers. Thus they perform a double duty. On the average mixed farm, one-fourth of all tillable land will probably be in soil-building legume hay crops.

In the third place, a mixed farmer can handle his field work in a season unfavorable to field work better than a grain farmer can. Having one-fourth of his land in hay crops, he has less field work of the type that has to be done all at once. For instance, in April, cattle feeder Jones will have only 100 acres of spring plowing to do instead of 120 acres because his "back twenty" is in clover. In October, he will not have to crowd the threshing of the beans on the corner into those few good days, because that field is alfalfa which his spring pigs have been eating all summer. These examples show that mixed farmers are in a better position than straight grain farmers to handle their field work in unfavorable weather.

Because of higher profit, greater maintenance of the soil, and more adaptability to adverse conditions, mixed farming is better business than grain farming.

Wild Is the West

Cowboy movies are the favorites of small boys. The ordinary stories contain one handsome cowboy, a pretty rancher's daughter, one slightly tarnished sheriff, a gang of rustlers, and a herd of cattle. The highlight of the picture occurs when the hero clatters up on his white stallion, after the crime, and shrieks to the rancher's daughter, "Which way'd they go, gal?" "They went that a-way!" is the reply, and off dashes the cowboy in mad pursuit, pausing, if he is a singing cowboy, to rip off a few bars of "Oh, Bury Me Not on the Lone Prair—ee," for the benefit of his admiring audience of one. When he overtakes the rustlers, as he invariably does, a wild fight ensues, from which the cowboy emerges victorious, with the entire gang roped, tied, and bellowing for mercy. Notwithstanding the struggle, the hero's ten-gallon hat is still perched rakishly upon his head. His final love scene with the rancher's daughter is cut mercifully short: ten-year-old boys do not appreciate romance.—LOIS RUBNIK

The Faust Legend

JEAN LOPIN

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

THE IDEA THAT A HUMAN BEING MAY SELL HIS SOUL to the devil in exchange for supernatural powers is an old one. It has aroused a terror in mankind throughout the world, but it has served as a source of inspiration to poets, writers, composers, and musicians through the ages.

In most of the stories on the theme a man bargains his soul to the devil in exchange for some supernatural power or greater knowledge. After providing several exploits and adventures for his victim, the devil puts an end to his career by claiming his bond. In a few versions the man repents in time, and the devil is cheated; but usually the ending is a tragic one.

Readers and audiences have been held by the story of Faust, although in whatever way the tale is told, the supernatural element is its peculiar characteristic. Dorothy Sayers says, "For the 'two hours' traffic of our stage,' we must indulge in the 'willing suspension of disbelief.' We must accept magic and miracle as physical realities; we must admit the possibility of genuine witchcraft, of the strange legal transaction by which a man might sell his soul to Satan, of the actual appearance of the Devil in concrete bodily shape. The Faustus legend is dyed in grain with the thought and feeling of its period; nothing could be more characteristic than its odd jumble of spirituality and crude superstition; of scripture and classical myth; of Catholic theology and anti-clerical humanism; of the adventurous passion for, and the timorous distrust of learning."¹

The Faust theme arose from sixteenth century beliefs, antagonisms, superstitions, and struggles that are unmistakably impressed on the legend. Faust was the symbol of restless forces in people, a craving for withheld knowledge. This was the time of the Renaissance, when Europe was awakening from the era of the Dark Ages. The revival of learning furnished the common people with new names to link with sorcery in place of the old Merlin and Virgilius. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were rich in superstitious legendry; the people still half-believed in spirits.

The Faust legend was not the first of its kind. Its forerunners include the legends of Simon Magus and Cyprian, magicians whose remarkable feats led to their tragic fates. Another forerunner is the story of Theophilus. In this legend is given the first detailed account of a compact with Satan. The date of the story is unknown, but it was carried into Europe in about

¹ Sayers, Dorothy L. *The Devil to Pay*, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1939, p. 5.

1500. Theophilus, a vicar, declined the offer of a bishopric. The new bishop who accepted the position put the vicar out of office. To regain his post Theophilus signed a pact with the devil, and with the latter's help secured his former position. Soon after this he repented his rash action with Satan, and a vision of the Virgin, forgiving him, appeared to him. When the story was told to the bishop, he called a day of worship. Thus the devil was cheated, and Theophilus returned to the ways of God.²

However, it was not from the Renaissance state of mind and these previous legends alone that the Faust legend was derived. The principal source was a real man whose name was Johannes Faust. Melancthon, a German Lutheran reformer who lived from 1497 to 1560, is our chief authority on the Faust legend. He said that it was possible there had been another person of this name of some local reputation in the fifteenth century. The name itself was not unusual. It signifies "fortunate; of good omen." A certain George Sabellicus, a vagabond, babbler, and rogue, who called himself a prince of necromancers, was also known as "Faustus minor."³

The hero of the popular stories was one Johannes Faust who was born in the late fifteenth century at Knittlinger, near Wittenberg. His parents were very poor, but with some money left him by a rich uncle, he first studied medicine. Later, at Cracow, he studied magic, which was openly taught as a part of the regular curriculum, and he received his Doctor's degree while there. No definite facts are known of his life, but there are many contemporary writings which shed a little light on the nature of what he was doing. Faust traveled a great deal and was well known throughout Germany as a physician and necromancer. His deeds were petty and fraudulent; he was constantly being driven out of one city into another. Augustin Lercheimer's *Christlich Bedencken* tells of Faust as a homeless schoolmaster in Kreuznach under Franz von Sickingen. He fled his duties at this place because he was guilty of sodomy.⁴ The city records of Ingolstadt of the Wednesday after St. Vitus' Day, 1528, include a Dr. George Faust on the list of banished persons, while the Nuremberg city council record of May 10, 1532, states that Dr. Faust was refused safe conduct.⁵ The University of Heidelberg matriculation book shows a Johannes Faust ex Simern, but we are not sure whether this is the same person.⁶

Through his magic powers, Faust was able to make many prophecies. One of these, concerning the capture of Munster by the bishop in 1536, was

² Palmer, Philip M. and More, Robert P., *The Sources of the Faust Tradition*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1936, pp. 76-77.

³ Taylor, Bayard, *Translation of "Faust" by Goethe*, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1900, Vol. I, p. 338.

⁴ Palmer and More, *op. cit.*, p. 119

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 90-91.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 81.

correct; and another—that 1540 was a bad year for expeditionary troops in Venezuela—proved true. His name was mentioned in the account book of the Bishop of Bamberg for the year 1519-1520, and in the Journal of Kilian Lieb of July, 1528, for having made certain astronomical predictions.⁷

Because of his various deeds, Faust became the chief subject of many local stories. It was said that he was accompanied on his travels by two devil attendants, a horse and a dog. These assumed human shapes to do his bidding, and, through them, Faust accomplished many wonderful things. While teaching Homer at the University at Erfurt, he promised his students a sight of the characters of the works. Priam, Hector, Ajax, Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Polyphemus were said to have appeared. Another incident was that of a flying trip to Prague on his remarkable horse, which was really an incarnation of the devil. His servants were known to have served his guests wonderful meals consisting of rare fruits, savory meats, and excellent wines of many varieties.⁸

One of the favorite stories of Faust was the one in which several guests asked Faust to produce a grape vine. Faust did so, warning each guest to seize a bunch and have his knife ready, but not to cut the bunch away until he gave the signal. Their knives poised in their hands, ready to cut away the luscious grapes, the guests waited. Suddenly, after one movement of Faust's hand, the vine vanished, and each guest was left holding his own nose, with his knife poised above it!⁹

Johannes Wier, in his *De Praestigiis Daemonum* (1564), writes that Faust claimed the devil as his brother-in-law, and that upon one occasion, seeing an old man with a heavy black beard, Faust looked down quickly for claws upon the man's hands and feet, because the old man appeared so much like his relative.¹⁰

The only action of Faust's that was known to have failed absolutely was an attempt that he made to fly to heaven. A crowd had gathered at Venice to witness the feat, but after rising into the air, Faust had fallen to earth again. The people said that it was evidence that God was triumphant over the devil.¹¹

Sometime around 1540 Faust passed out of notice. There were no authentic death notices, but, as usual, many stories were created by the people about his death. Johannes Manlius in *Locorum Communium Collectanea* said that, before he died, Faust had warned his landlord not to be frightened by any events which might occur during the night. At midnight the ground and house shook terribly, and the next morning Faust was

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 87-96.

⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 108-119.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 123-126.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 105-107.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 99-100.

found lying on his bed, his face turned to his back. Everyone said the evil of sorcery was shown by the tragic death of Faust, and that at last, after his many strange experiences, the devil had killed him. It was also believed that Faust had sent spirits to plague those who had done him ill during his life.¹²

The contemporary evidence of Faust's activities ceased about 1540, and the development of the Faust legend began. The first tangible sources that we have are a manuscript notebook by Christoph Rosshirt, a teacher at Sebaldus School, Nuremberg, and a Latin manuscript collection, both written in 1570. A "Wolfenbüttel Manuscript" appeared between 1572 and 1587. It contained the career, adventures, and exploits of Faust, but some of these incidents were clearly taken from the lives of other magicians. The manuscript is of no literary value as the descriptions are taken directly from another work on travel. It makes an attempt to warn others against imitation of Faust. This was the type of manuscript that furnished the form and material for later printed Faust books.¹³

The first life of Faust appeared in September, 1587, written by Spiess of Frankfurt. The wide acceptance of this original form of the legend led to the printing of a second edition in 1588. The great popularity of the story resulted, in 1588, in a low German edition by Balhorn. In Berlin, in 1590, an enlarged account, derived from Spiess, was published, and the last Faustbuch of the Spiess type, the eighteenth edition, was dated 1598. The next year brought the publication of another Faust work, by Widman, in Hamburg. This one was larger and contained many elaborated and moralizing comments.

During the seventeenth century, interest in the legend died. This was due in part to the Thirty Years' War, to the more rational attitude toward witchcraft, and to the spread of drama. However, the story was revived by Dr. Pfitzer's revision of Widman in 1674. The last of the German Faustbuchs was *Faustbuch des Christlich Meynenden*, a shorter account whose first dated copy read 1725. There were many condensations of this last work, the last, in 1797, being the one that was known to Goethe.

The Faust legend did not remain a German legend but was very soon translated into English, Dutch, and French. An English ballad appeared in 1588, a translation in 1590, two Dutch translations in 1592, and a French translation in 1598.¹⁴ The English version of Spiess's *Faustbuch* was a free, inaccurate rendition—a poor translation by an unknown writer—but its importance lies in the fact that it was the source for Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, which opened the series of Faust dramas.

¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 103-105.

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 129-130.

¹⁴ Taylor, *op. cit.*, pp. 339-344.

The exact date of Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* is not known, but scholars have assigned it to 1592, for its source, a translation of the German Faustbuch, is known not to have been published before that year. This is the earliest dramatic version of the legend that is known, although some say a German play existed before it. However, there is no proof to back up this supposition, and Marlowe generally gets the credit for first using the theme in a play. The earliest edition is a quarto printed eleven years after Marlowe's death. It contains some passages (notably the comic scenes) which may have been added by another writer. A later edition, further enlarged, appeared in 1618, and still more additions can be found in later publications of the work.

Not only for its theme and characterizations is Marlowe's drama known, but also for its almost perfect form. Interspersed with prose, "Marlowe's mighty line," blank verse, is used to great advantage. He took the legend as it appeared in original German forms, and his Faust meets a tragic end at the hand of the devil at the appointed time.

This play was given widely in England by English players, who later traveled on the continent. They played both German and English plays, and Faust was one of their best. The first continental performance of Faust was at Graz, in 1608, and there were later performances throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. When the eighteenth century turned toward French dramatic models, Faust was crowded from the legitimate stage into the puppet theatre. The first presentation of this kind was in 1746, the last regular staging in 1770, in Hamburg. The puppet plays became very popular, especially among the lower classes, through the nineteenth century.¹⁵

Without doubt the greatest of the Faust works is the one by Goethe. It was begun in 1773, was not completed until 1831, when Goethe was in his eighty-second year, although parts of it were published during this period. No wonder, then, that this manuscript, which was born in the mind of a twenty-year-old youth and which was not completed until that youth had reached old age, is considered a masterpiece!

Goethe wrote subjectively, Faust and Mephistopheles being the opposite poles of his own nature. He includes in his drama several episodes concerning Margaret, a beautiful girl with whom Faust falls in love, that are not found in the original versions of the legend. These episodes are his own creation, and Margaret is taken partly from "her namesake, whom Goethe, as a boy of sixteen, imagined he loved, and partly from his betrothed . . . for whom he felt probably the strongest love of his life, at the time these scenes of his *Faust* were written."¹⁶ Bayard Taylor says, "It is not the least

¹⁵ Palmer and More, *op. cit.*, pp. 239-241.

¹⁶ Taylor, *op. cit.*, pp. 282-283.

of Goethe's deserts that, although in his youth, 'a new Faust was announced in every quarter of Germany,' he took up the theme already hackneyed by small talents, and made it his own, solely and forever."

The original Faust theme is varied somewhat by Lord Byron in *Manfred*, a dramatic poem. Byron disclaimed having read Marlowe, and he wrote of Goethe: "His Faust I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated some of it to me, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the Staubbach and the Jungfrau, and something else much more than Faustus, that made me write *Manfred*."¹⁷ This is the story of a man who seeks forgetfulness, but can not secure it from spirits, nature, man, witches, the destinies, or the spirit of his departed love. Not even finding oblivion in the church, *Manfred*, whose tortures have all been on earth, finds forgetfulness in death.

Modern adaptations of the legend have varied it still more, but the theme is clearly recognizable, and the supernatural element remains. One of the most familiar of the modern versions is *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, by Stephen Vincent Benét. This is one of the interpretations in which the devil is cheated of his bond, the soul of farmer Jabez Stone—this time by the wit and eloquence of Daniel Webster. Dorothy L. Sayers's *The Devil to Pay* is a very recent rendition, written in prose and blank verse, with a touch of comedy in some of its scenes. This, too, does not end as tragically as older versions, because Faust, while in Hell, may still have a glimpse of the Heaven above.

Such an immortal story and popular theme could not help leaving its imprint on music. The music first used in the puppet plays led to greater musical works by many composers, among whom the best known are Spohr, Donizetti, Berlioz, Schumann, Gounod, Boito, Wagner, and Liszt. The finest settings of Faust in music are the "Faust" overture of Wagner, and the "Faust" symphony of Liszt.

Spohr's opera *Faust*, completed in 1813, was first performed in March, 1818. It was given in England in 1852 at the request of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and it was very successfully received.¹⁸ Schumann's "Faust Scene," composed between 1844 and 1853, is a succession of scenes from Goethe. The text follows Goethe's verbatim. Hector Berlioz's symphonic cantata, "The Damnation of Faust," was inspired by the reading of Goethe. When first produced on December 6, 1846, it was a failure, but careful revision made later performances more successful.¹⁹

¹⁷ Introduction to Byron's "Manfred" in Dobbie and others (eds.) *A Book of English Literature*, New York: Macmillan Company, 1942, Vol. II, pp. 214-215.

¹⁸ Hoechst, Coit Roscoe, "Faust" in Music, Gettysburg, Pa.: Gettysburg Compile Print, 1916, Vol. I, pp. 13-14.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 38-41.

Gounod's *Faust* is probably the most popular Faust musical, the final idea of Faust. The text was written by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, who had offered it to Meyerbeer but had been refused. Gounod accepted it, and the opera was first produced at the Opera Comique on March 19, 1859. Given thirty-seven times in its first form, the opera was revised in 1869 at the request of the opera managers.²⁰ Its very great popularity is shown in that it is still being given, and recordings of it are widely played.

"Mephistofele" by Boito was the result of an early interest in Goethe, and it, like Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was a complete failure when it first appeared on March 5, 1868. At that time it was six hours long, but later revision shortened it, and it was widely applauded in 1875.²¹

In poetry, drama, and music, the legend of Faust has been used widely, and no matter how often it is told, its popularity has not lessened. From the doings of a sixteenth century magician has evolved a tale that will live as long as poetry, drama, music, and imagination survive.

It is said that Allied armies recently recovered the bones of Goethe from the Germans, and that these remains will be restored to their original place of preservation. We wonder about the bones of the original Faust. Do they rest in German soil, or has the devil claimed them for his own?

²⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 60-62.

²¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 81-83.

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The Devil and Dr. Faustus

JEAN LOPIN

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1944-1945

THE IDEA THAT A MAN MAY SELL HIS SOUL TO THE devil in return for supernatural powers is an old theme that has been used in prose, poetry, drama, and music. Some scholars have given the German *Faustbuch* as its probable source, and the theme has been used from the time of its origin to the present. A comparison of one of the early writings on this topic, Christopher Marlowe's *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* (1592), and one of its later adaptations, Dorothy L. Sayers's *The Devil to Pay* (1939), shows many points of similarity and difference in both style and content.

Doctor Faustus, Marlowe's chief work, shows the ability that might have blossomed into a genius as great as Shakespeare's had Marlowe lived longer than his twenty-nine years. His "mighty line," blank verse, is used almost entirely except for several prose passages. Dorothy Sayers uses blank verse and prose, also, but her writing lacks the "intensity of feeling and beauty of expression" that is shown in Marlowe's "sometimes bombastic, sometimes self-conscious" blank verse.

It is surprising, however, that the almost 350 years' difference in the time of writing is not shown more than it is. Miss Sayers has designed her set in the old Renaissance manner, showing Heaven, the Hell-mouth, and the "Mansions" used for specific scenes, but her lines show a definite modernization over those of Marlowe. Especially can this be seen in Miss Sayers's final judgment scene, which is carried out much as a modern courtroom scene would be. These words of the judge are exemplary:

You are too noisy, silence in the court.

The prisoner waits for judgment.

So, too, are the words with which the defendant (an angel from Heaven) protests the plaintiff's (Mephistopheles') demand:

Sir, I protest!

The fraud is all the other way. This fellow
Contracted with John Faustus for his soul,
Payable in exchange for value received,
The bond, post-dated, falling due today;
Which soul, I took in charge at Faustus' death
In execution of my official duty,
Lock, stock and barrel as it stood. He claimed
The same upon his bond, which seemed in order
So far as such things go. I handed over
The goods to him, entering a caveat
In the King's name, as to the ownership,

Since it might well appear the vendor had
 No title to give, barter, sell, exchange,
 Mortgage or pawn or otherwise dispose of
 Crown property. Well and good. But in the interim
 (To wit, the four-and-twenty years expired)
 This Mephistopheles, by his own act . . .

The treatment of the major part of the legend is the same in both plays—the calling up of Mephistopheles, the signing of the devil's bond, the visit to Rome and the Pope, the attendance at the court of Emperor Charles V, and Faustus' taking Helen of Troy for his paramour. There are differences, however, in the interpretations of the various characters, and in the ending.

Marlowe's Faustus is the same man throughout the play, while the Faustus in *The Devil to Pay* emerges as a younger man after the bond is signed. The old Faustus reappears in the final judgment scene.

The treatment of Helen of Troy is decidedly different in the two plays. Miss Sayers's Helen figures throughout the play, appearing many times. Marlowe's Helen appears only once, the staging techniques not showing her face, though his tribute to her has become a famous passage in English literature.

Wagner, Faustus' servant, is teamed with Lisa in *The Devil to Pay*, and together they try to draw Faustus away from his evil doings with the devil. Marlowe's Wagner does not play so prominent a part, and the appearance of good and evil spirits trying to dissuade and persuade Faustus is used throughout.

Mephistopheles is much the same in both plays. Besides representing evil and being Lucifer's representative to Faustus, he becomes the joker, enabling Faustus to swallow a wagon of hay and a span of horses, make flowers bloom at Christmas, cut off and restore his leg, draw wine from a table, beat guests at dinner, play vulgar tricks upon the Pope, souse a horse-courser in a pond, present grapes in January, and do other, similar tricks.

The end of the play presents the main difference in the two works. Miss Sayers ends her play with a judgment scene, some passages of which are somewhat comical, lightening the seriousness of the situation. Her "devil is cheated of his bond, but receives his precise due." Faustus follows Mephistopheles into Hell, but the judge admonishes the devil with "God is not robbed; and I will bring mine own as I did sometime from the deep of the sea again" and

Thou has claimed thine own,
 It is thine. Burn it. Touch not my good grain.
 I shall require it at thy hand some day.

This is similar to the resolution of the demands of Shylock. The last words of the angels are hopeful, also, for they are, "But he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

Although Marlowe's sympathies are clearly with Faustus, he ends his play tragically. The last scene is very dramatic. The slow striking of the clock adds suspense, and the lightning and thunder which accompany the twelfth stroke are the signal for the entrance of the devils. Faustus' resounding last words,

Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistopheles!

are more stirring than the tranquil words of submission of Miss Sayers's Faustus—"From the deep of the sea."

Dorothy Sayers's interpretation of the supernatural legend makes for light, comparatively easy reading, and would doubtless prove moderately successful as a stage presentation. However, one feels more strongly the greatness of Marlowe's drama. *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* will be read and played long after *The Devil to Pay* is interned on the shelf of forgotten twentieth century plays.

The Voice With a Smile

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, Summer, 1945

WHEN I FIRST SAW A TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD, the hundreds of little, blinking lights before me seemed to hold a mysterious challenge. I took that challenge, and I began a solution of that mystery—I became an Illinois Bell Telephone operator at a small town switchboard.

Five weeks were required for a thorough knowledge of local and long distance operating. This training consisted of actual supervised work at the switchboard and in note-taking.

The first two weeks were consumed in finding which plug went where, which was *w* and which was *r*, and which lights meant what. A great many mistakes were made, and a great many tears were shed those first few weeks.

After ringing wrong numbers for two weeks, I was taken into the inner sanctum, the operators' day room, and the supervisor began giving me my toll training by use of notes. For two hours a day I would sit there scribbling furiously on small, yellow toll tickets. Every possible toll call was explained and noted. My notebook grew and grew and my memory reeled and reeled. Would I ever remember it all?

My great moment came when I picked up a plug to begin my first unsupervised long-distance call. I had all the information before me on the familiar yellow ticket, and now I must put that information into use. After consulting rate and route books, I found the way to get Mr. Robinson's call to Sacramento was to go through Peoria, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

I tested all my Peoria circuits and rang in on a clear circuit. An unrattled voice came chirping over the line, "Peoria." How could she be so damned calm when I was nearly shaking off my perch!

Overcoming my phobia, I whispered, "St. Louis," in my individual death rattle. After an interminable length of time St. Louis shouted, "St. Louis, are you through, are you through?"

"Through! What do you mean through? I'm just getting started," my mind shouted.

Then I remembered it was all part of the telephone lingo, and I responded, "Mx your Rx."

Minutes passed while I waited for a clear trunk to the Rx. During all this I was answering local calls and biting my hangnails.

At long last the Rx operator was reached, and she rang San Francisco on my Mx precedence. San Francisco was nc (no circuit) to Sacramento, so I just held. San Francisco held the circuit, I held the key, and Mr. Robinson held the bag.

San Francisco secured a circuit, and I told Sacramento to ring "Long Beach ni-un-se-ven-tu-fo-wer." She obliged, and the party answered. Following a few routine questions, I hooked Robinson and Sacramento together. Only timing the ticket, clearing the circuit, and figuring the charges remained. Oh joy! I had succeeded. Life was once more beautiful.

After this I lost my fear of operating and actually began to enjoy it. One bright afternoon when I was doing my dreary duty I accidentally caught the words "criminal assault." Immediately all else was disregarded, and I began to listen to a conversation between a reporter and a sheriff. Negro, rape, gun, night, Camp Ellis all came blaring over the line to my ears. My attention was riveted, my hair stood on end, and my eyes protruded seven inches from my eyebrows. Just as the sheriff launched into full detail, my bugging eyes spotted the supervisor bearing down full speed toward me. Quickly I started picking up numbers. I was saved from involvement, but I was disappointed that I didn't get to hear all the gory details.

Not long after this I came very close to losing my job by talking back to a soldier. The U.S.O. had one pay phone which was in use constantly. On this particular night I had two calls to Massachusetts and three to near-by towns. I was "waiting on" one of the calls to Massachusetts for the number to answer. At that moment the U.S.O. pay station light blinked. I answered cheerily, thinking it was one of the fellows wanting a report on his call. Instead, the voice of a drunk came indistinctly over the line. He wanted a call to a near-by town, and he wanted it right away. I explained to him that there were others ahead of him, and that he would have to wait. Explanations were useless and only served to irritate him. Finally I very politely but firmly told him I did not care whether he ever got his call.

The next day I felt the results. The boss called us all into the day room and gave a nice speech. She reminded us that we were "the voices with the smiles," and that we must not fly off the handle. As we left the room, I vowed I would do it again if the situation ever demanded it.

In August my senior year of high school loomed ahead. My parents and I decided that I should deprive the telephone company and the general public of my telephone service. Soon I was an ordinary telephone subscriber with only an income tax blank and a notebook to remind me of my ten months of plugging numbers.

Let's Help Mary Smith

BEVERLY HAFERMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1944-1945

TONIGHT I TALKED TO MARY SMITH. YOU'VE PROBABLY never heard of her. She is certainly no campus beauty, nor is she so developed socially that she is the chairman of some very important committee on campus. Mary Smith is a short, rather plump, dark-haired girl in pre-med. She is a second-semester freshman with a 4.8 university average. This is a high average in any school, but it is especially good for a pre-med student.

Being a pre-med student with a high average does not explain Mary Smith. Her high average is of interest, but I want to talk about her as a person. I would like to show what makes her outstanding and why I think she should be given the chance to stay that way.

Mary Smith, as I said before, is a second-semester freshman. She is twenty-three years old and has completed a business course; she is prepared to do secretarial work any time she wishes. Mary comes from Kentucky, near the Virginia border. There are ten other children in the family and very little money. Like the rest of the family she had no educational plans beyond grade school. But she wanted to be somebody; she did not want to settle down in the Kentucky hills and raise ten more children in poverty. Mary decided to go on to high school.

So, after staying out of school a year, Mary entered high school as a freshman. She worked her way through by getting aid from the National Youth Administration, and she told me that she doubted whether there was ever any other student who squeezed her textbooks and teachers so hard for every drop of knowledge.

When Mary was graduated from high school, she realized that there was a force somewhere inside her that wouldn't let her stop learning. She didn't

know exactly what to do, but she decided that business school was the answer. She borrowed money from her aunt, studied, and went through business school in record time. Then she got a secretarial job and advanced until she was secretary to a high official in a big firm.

Mary pinched her pennies and saved money. She paid her aunt for sending her through business school, and she amassed the fortune of twelve hundred dollars. This looked like a gold mine to her. With this, she decided, she could get through the university and fulfill her fondest dream, which, Mary had discovered, was not taking letters for an important business executive. She would go to the best medical school around—the University of Illinois—and study to be a pediatrician.

Mary finished her first semester with the realization that her bank account was badly diminished. She had studied every possible second and worked for meals at the Union Building, but still her money went fast. She could get no scholarship because her home was in Kentucky, and after she had paid her tuition and bought her books for the second semester her resources were badly depleted.

She saw another break. Her roommate was specializing in dietetics and was going to the Woman's Building to let the teachers experiment with her diet. She asked Mary if she would like to go on a low nitrogen diet—they furnished the food. Mary went on the diet and ate a few concentrated cookies a day; drank fifty cubic milliliters of lemonade, and one hundred and fifty milliliters of distilled water. This diet was terribly tasteless, but Mary stayed with it; best of all she saved money.

Last night Mary confessed she had quit working. It made her too tired to study properly. Her bank account has dwindled considerably, and she wants to go to summer school. There are still three hundred dollars in bonds, but that is all; and her family needs help, too.

That is the story of Mary Smith to date, but it is not the end. At least it should not be the end. A girl who has a good grade average like Mary's, and a girl who has fought hard for every little particle she has should be given the chance to go on with her schooling. The United States government gives scholarships to veterans, and rightly, but what about soldiers like Mary Smith? She's made retreats and come back swinging. She has been fighting all the way for those back home.

Can't something be done about a girl like that? Can't the state or federal government issue scholarships to deserving students with a 4.5 average who haven't the money to go on? How about our politicians doling out their scholarships to girls with a story like Mary Smith's rather than to Jean Jones, who meekly asserts she has a 3.0 average, but whose parents have been Republicans, whose grandfather never split a ticket, and who, as soon as she can vote, will vote straight Republican.?

Working on the '400'

DONALD W. BAHR

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, Summer, 1945

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1944 THREE OF MY FRIENDS and I held jobs on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad diners. Altogether we completed twenty-nine trips, including several to the coast. I myself made six runs to Los Angeles and two to Omaha. To the regular crew members it seemed quite unusual to have four boys from the same town working with them, and so we were known as "the Palatine Kids" among them.

Palatine is a small Chicago suburb through which the Wisconsin division of the Chicago Northwestern runs. Because the railroad was conveniently close and paid well, all of us had had previous part-time jobs with the company. Just before our vacation began, we inquired about summer jobs and were promptly hired in the Commissary department after a vigorous physical examination. After being classified fourth class cooks, we were instructed briefly in our duties and told to expect a call within two days. When I told my parents, they both disapproved and argued that it would be too hard and monotonous. But I was not to be deprived of my chance of traveling on my own and being paid well for it too; so I managed to convince them to let me go.

After thirty-six hours of anxious waiting, I was called to report that night ready to leave on the '400'—*City of Los Angeles*. This train is one of the best and fastest on the line. I had often worked on it, while it was in the station, and knew it well. It is completely streamlined and Diesel-driven. All the cars are furnished with the most modern equipment, even to polaroid glass in the windows and air conditioning. It usually has two sections, each with ten cars. I found out later that one of my friends was going out on the other section.

I arrived at the station one hour before train time and immediately signed in and began work. With the second class cook, I went down to the commissary kitchens, which are located under the station. They are equipped completely, for it is there that all bread and pastries are baked, meat and vegetables for the first meal on the train prepared, and the menus for the complete trips drawn up. Behind these kitchens are large storerooms well stocked with all types of canned foods and non-perishables. After receiving his menu for the trip, the cook and I went into the storerooms to get all the necessary items listed. All of the canned food for the trip had to be loaded on because we made no stops long enough for reloading

anything but perishables. After he had signed out all the supplies we went up to the train just fifteen minutes before the departure.

Then I saw the kitchen for the first time. Everything was made of stainless steel and was immobile. The small room was a masterpiece of compactness. Everything had its own place and was immaculate. The inside wall was completely lined with a low, glass-doored refrigerator, the top of which served as a work table. Opposite this were a built-in dishwasher and rinsing tubs. Between these against the narrow wall was a stove with a large oven and opposite this a door to the diner. All around the top of the room were cabinets, and on the outside wall another door. The diner itself was very luxurious, as was the entire train. The next car was the cafe lounge, a low cost snack restaurant, which was also handled by our kitchen.

Just a few minutes before train time the already prepared food for the first meal was brought up. It needed only to be heated and served as soon as we pulled out. This was done to facilitate immediate service and to prevent the kitchen from falling behind in its preparations. We picked up similar supplies in the four main stops along the way, Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, and Salt Lake City. Together with this final load of supplies came the chef. He was a tall, grey-haired man who seemed a little cramped in the small kitchen. However, he had been working at his trade several years and seemed to enjoy it, as he was very jovial. The second class cook was much younger and had worked his way up in only a year. Both were very skillful and produced very attractive dishes. The chef did most of the preparing and cooking of meat while the cook prepared salads and vegetables. I did several small jobs in preparing the food, but my main duties were to keep the dishes and the kitchen clean.

There were five waiters and a head waiter in the diner and five additional workers in the cafe lounge. Although the head waiter was in command of the crew he wasn't the highest paid worker. The chef received the largest salary, for in general kitchen workers are higher paid than waiters. However, the latter always receive a great amount in tips. Their tip money far surpasses their salaries, and many times on this trip they made as much as fifteen to twenty dollars or more on tips in one day. As far as the wage scale goes both the chef and the cook are above the head waiter, and the fourth class cook above the waiters.

At exactly 6:00 P.M. we pulled out of the Northwestern Chicago station and were soon roaring across the western flats of Illinois and Iowa. Much to my surprise, people began coming into the diner just after we left, and the first meal lasted till 8:30. I noticed that as the kitchen began to function, although there was no hurried work done, everything was done precisely and punctually with the various courses always ready when needed. Despite rationing and shortages, the dinners seemed to have suffered little.

Roast beef, lake trout, and fried chicken were the main dishes offered, each complete with four other courses.

When the diner closed, the two conductors came in to eat. They talked with me while I helped pick up the dishes. Both were very encouraging and friendly. During the meal I had become swamped with dishes, but I gradually developed a system which got them under control. We worked till 10:00 cleaning the kitchen and utensils and preparing breakfast. Because gambling was not allowed, the crew usually went to sleep early. By 10:30 the entire crew had unrolled their mattresses on the tables and were asleep. Although we arrived in Omaha at 2:00 A.M., I did not wake up. The cook, however, was up to receive our second batch of supplies, which included bakery goods for breakfast and prepared food for lunch. When I woke up at 5:30, we were well into Nebraska, and at 6:20 we pulled into North Platte. Between meals, when the work was completed, I watched the scenery of Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada pass by. My biggest thrill was my first sight of a mountain.

Although traveling was probably at its best on the '400' it was still far from pleasant on the war-loaded train. All seats were reserved, but the train was still overcrowded because three extra cars to handle service-men were added on to each section. The diner reflected the crowded conditions of the train. People often waited forty-five or more minutes to eat. There were many wives with babies on the train. Without the patience and friendliness of the hostess and the conductors, conditions would have been much more trying. The service-men were the best passengers. They kept the others amused with their impromptu singing and antics.

Some forty-two hours later we arrived at our destination, Los Angeles. The entire crew trooped away for their two-day rest. Most went to regular boarding houses and either rested or celebrated. However, those who did celebrate made certain to return to work sober. My friend and I went to stay at a small uptown hotel. From there we visited parts of Los Angeles. Our leave was soon up, and at 12:15 P.M. two days later we started on the return trip. As usual, we stocked in the necessary provisions before leaving, but I found the Los Angeles Commissary department wasn't nearly as well-stocked as Chicago's.

On the return trip there were far fewer service-men, and as a consequence the train was much less crowded. In Wyoming and Nebraska the entire Platte River Valley, which we went through several times, was flooded. Several times we were forced to move very slowly because the water had almost reached the track bed. Although held up by the flood we still got back to Chicago in less than forty-four hours. It seemed good to have completed a mission to the coast, for now I could be termed a "dymno," which in railroad terminology means an apprentice.

"Imp of the Perverse"

ETHELYN FINK

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945

SALVADOR DALI IS A MYSTERYMAN. TO FATHOM THE depths of his mind is almost an impossibility. His surrealist art is a reproduction of the mystery of his mind, equally as unintelligible. This "imp of the perverse" has given to the world a creative touch that has transformed reality to illusion. What has happened in his life that has made him so eccentric in the eyes of the public—that has made him so oblivious to custom and normality?

Dali was treated differently from most children. He was a badly spoiled child and many of his whims were abnormal, even homicidal. Only a few years after his introduction to the world in 1904, in the Spanish town of Figueras, he came running home to his parents to explain gleefully that he had just pushed his playmate from an unfinished bridge to the rocks below.¹ The child was severely injured; Dali felt no remorse. Never a day elapsed that his doting mother didn't exclaim, "What do you wish, sweetheart? What is it you want?" At one of these queries Dali answered, "A king's ermine cape, a gold scepter, and a crown." He got it.

Salvador despised all other children, but he wanted to be admired by them at any cost to himself. At school he was the only child to be brought hot milk and cocoa in a magnificent thermos bottle wrapped in a cloth embroidered with his initials. He was always surrounded by children less fortunate than himself, and he did his best to keep them in constant reminder of the fact. He often wore a rich looking sailor suit with a thick gold insignia decorating it. And he always carried a flexible, bamboo cane with a silver dog's head.

As a result of his peculiarly regulated childhood, he became opposed to all system and principle. If a person were to say "black," Dali would immediately counter it with "white," for no other reason than to rebel. If an elderly person were to bow with respect, our young Salvador would spit!

At the age of fourteen the imp began his attendance at the Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid. Here he puzzled his teachers by his only really conscientious ability: his remarkable talent for reproducing the works of the masters with a touch of his personal satire. He "doodled" over all his books and papers and was expelled from school for insubordination.

In 1927, when surrealism became the rage in Paris, Dali began eagerly to exhibit his subconscious in the form of small canvases. He sold every

¹ M. Cowley, "Imp of the Perverse," *New Republic*, CVIII (January 18, 1943), 88.

picture. He even began to write surrealist poems and helped produce the first two surrealist movies, "Le Chien Andalou" (with emphasis on pianos covered with carcasses of dead monkeys) and "L'Age d'Or."

This Paris experience started Dali well on his way. He was in his early twenties and suffering from all the abnormalities listed by the nineteenth century Viennese physicians, including sadism, masochism, hysteria, hypochondria, and something he calls "compulsive manic psychosis."² This last infliction was something Dali nursed throughout his life—a sort of complex that he was going mad. He succeeded in making this fact evident to the world. At the age of twenty-nine a girl complimented him on the beauty of his feet. Says he, "I jumped up, my mind clouded by an odd feeling of jealousy toward myself—knocked my admirer down and trampled on her with all my might." A still more unbelievable truth that illustrated Salvador's perverse character was an episode in Paris. Dali saw a legless blind man sitting on his little cart, tapping the sidewalk with boundless self-assurance. The sight was so repugnant to Salvador that he went up to the blind man and gave him a kick that sent him scooting all the way across Boulevard Edgar-Quinst.³

The year 1934 saw a slight, dark, restless chap with a "clipped cinemactor's mustache and the eyes of a crystal gazer" become the dictator and tyrant of the Paris art world. "I saw Paris transformed before my eyes in obedience to the order I had given at the moment of my arrival."⁴ Dali had made perversity a new religion. The whole society of Paris clamored at his heels in worship. In this same year, Julian Levy, an art dealer, discovered him and introduced him to the United States. At once Dali created a sensation. The populace was hungry for something unique. His famous picture of the drooping timepieces became a temporary Bible.

The following summer, Dali, on a trip to London, appeared at a lecture dressed in a deep-sea diving suit with a jeweled dagger at its belt, carrying a billiard cue, and leading a pair of Russian wolfhounds. His only explanation was, "I just wanted to show that I was plunging deeply into the human mind."⁵

Back in America, Dali outdid himself at the New York World's Fair. He not only exhibited his painting ability, but he also demonstrated his talent in other fields. He wrote and presented a ballet about a red-wigged Tristan's love for Isolde, with music by Wagner and Cole Porter. In addition, he wrote a scenario with Harpo Marx, whose picture, along with Mae West's, he

² *Ibid.*

³ "Not So Secret Life," *Time*, XL (December 28, 1942), 30.

⁴ M. Cowley, *op. cit.*, p. 89.

⁵ M. Block, "Salvador Dali," *Current Biography*, New York: H. W. Wilson Company, 1940, p. 219.

had painted in Hollywood. Dali was firmly convinced that the Marx Brothers' pictures were representative of surrealism.⁶

One of the most famous Dali outbreaks occurred a short time after the World's Fair. The Bonwit Teller store was displaying in one of the windows a Dali creation. Dali, enraged because his display had been rearranged, attempted to destroy the fur-lined bathtub in the window. He smashed the plate glass and toppled into the street.

When one hears of these almost fiendish outbursts occurring frequently in Salvador Dali's life, he finds it hard to believe that this creator is entirely sane. He once said of himself, "I tried every possible means to go mad or rather doing everything in my power to welcome and help that madness which I felt clearly intended to take up its abode in my soul." Gala, Dali's wife, was largely responsible for preserving what sanity he had. Salvador met Gala when she was the wife of the surrealist poet, Paul Eluard.⁷ To impress the Eluards, Dali decided "to get himself up very elaborately." He tore his best silk shirt to shreds, shaved his armpits until they bled, transferred blood to other parts of his body, turned his bathing trunks inside out, placed an enormous red geranium behind one ear, put a pearl necklace around his neck, and finally smeared his whole body with goat dung and aspic. Whether or not the Eluards were duly impressed, Gala married Salvador. She taught him a measure of reality and self-confidence, and, most of all, that his wildest dreams could be realized in the external world.⁸

Dali's life has often been labeled "nightmare." Dali himself once made a statement that explains perfectly his hallucinations: "... at night I always dream of extremely agreeable things, and it is precisely when I am perfectly wide-awake, in broad daylight and in contact with practical life, that most of my hallucinatory nightmares have always occurred. While the substance of the real nightmares of other people is purely imaginary, I may say that the substance of my imaginary nightmares is utterly real."⁹ Dali admires nothing that is natural or normal and almost nothing that is strictly human.

Dali finds it perfectly natural that the public cannot understand his paintings. "I do not understand them myself at first, and then I begin to grasp the symbols, though there are often symbols which I can never explain." Among the most frequent of his symbols, the most interesting is the "fetishistic" crutch. It may be traced to a crutch found in an attic of a tower from which Dali intended to throw a girl. Says Dali, "It was the first time in my life that I saw a crutch. . . . The superb crutch! Already it appeared to me as the object possessing the height of authority and solemnity. . . .

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ "Not So Secret Life," *loc. cit.*

⁸ H. P. Lazarus, "Dali's Autobiography," *Nation*, CLVI (February 6, 1943), 212.

⁹ "Nightmare Journey," *Life*, XVI (March 6, 1944), 18.

[It] communicated to me an assurance, an arrogancy even, which I had never been capable of until then."¹⁰

Salvador's works certainly reveal his serious belief that an artist can create as he pleases. "Bedside tables, sometimes cut out of the plump flesh of nurses sitting on the seashore, fried eggs slithering down banisters, dripping telephones, limp watches, and wrecked automobiles brimming with flowers" are only a few examples of his inventiveness and playfulness. He tells his eager public, by way of an explanation, that these things represent "the horrors that have beset him from infancy to the present."¹¹

Opinion on Dali is seldom unanimous. Some critics are convinced that he is crazy and wasting a real talent. Still others believe that he is an "amusing opportunist." But there is one point upon which the majority agree, even his fellow surrealists. That is that Dali is a superb draughtsman and a master of colors. "He paints with the most exquisite delicacy the most vulgar subjects. . . . It is fascinating how he can be so good without being so great."¹²

No matter what one may think, Dali, whatever else he is, is a forceful character. He does not hesitate to display his beliefs, perverse as they are. He limits his relations with the real, practical world to almost nothing. He rebels against all that is fixed and customary. Once when Dali was refused the right to display one of his lurid creations, he indignantly proclaimed the whole purpose of his work: "Artists and poets of America! . . . Loose the blinding lightning of your anger and the avenging thunder of your paranoiac inspiration."¹³ Dali wants to smite the world with his imagination. His work is "beyond life and death. It is beyond everything."¹⁴

¹⁰ "Not So Secret Life," *loc. cit.*

¹¹ H. M. Chevalier, "Salvador Dali as a Writer," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXVII (April 15, 1944), 15.

¹² H. P. Lazarus, *op. cit.*, p. 212.

¹³ M. Block, *loc. cit.*, p. 90.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* Quoted from Edward Alden Jewell of the *New York Times*.

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The Strength of My Father

ROMONA HART

DGS 1a, Final Examination, 1944-1945

MY FATHER'S STRENGTH IS NOT PHYSICAL. NO, INDEED, because, you see, he has not walked for more than eighteen years. At the age of twenty-nine a great calamity befell him, and his body started slowly wasting away. It was not easy to take for one so young — for one who had just begun his life — for one who had the responsibility of a wife and two very small children. I can only imagine the mental turmoil he must have suffered.

But with more will power than I have ever seen in any other man, my father overcame his affliction. Not physically, understand, but mentally and spiritually. I think I can say that he did *more* than overcome his affliction; he rose above it. I have never seen my father walk. His condition has grown steadily worse until now he cannot even move his hands or arms. His only enjoyments in life are his radio, his pipe, his family, and his friends. Yet, strange as it may seem, I have never heard him complain about anything, and he never talks about his condition unless someone mentions it to him. Then he passes it off with, "Well, I could be a lot worse than I am."

My father has a host of friends. They often marvel at his cheerful mood as much as I do, but no one ever pities him. He would be insulted if anyone ever did show him the slightest bit of pity. Sitting there in his wheel chair, he looks directly at all who come to see him. He is interested in everything, and his variety of friends is just as wide as his variety of interests. Old schoolmates (both men and women) come to talk about things that happened long ago. Legionnaires come to talk of conventions, prize fights, baseball, and war. The young boys home on furlough from the Army or Navy never fail to stop at least once during their short stays at home. Daddy is always an intimate friend of the paper boy, who stops for a chat about baseball while delivering his papers. Girl or boy friends of mine and Carl's go to see him even when Carl and I aren't at home. Now his latest, so I hear, is the little eighth grade girl who lives across the street. She confides in him all her troubles with her school work and her boy friends. She spends the evening with him many times while Mother goes to a movie. Perhaps she is helping to fill my place, and how I do envy her! One of my fondest memories is the many hours I've spent with my father.

I cannot say that my father is the backbone of our family; my mother deserves at least half the credit for being that. I can say, though, that he is the brains, because even though his body is in a state of slow decay, his mind

is not. He has a great aptitude for figures and he solves problems for us faster in his head than we can solve them on paper. They are just little things like adding the grocery bill, or figuring how many yards of material will be needed for a pair of curtains. Or maybe we'll have him read the blueprints to find where to hang a new picture. Yes, they're just little things, but they help us as well as him. He is never happier than when he is making us happy, because his family is the greatest of all his enjoyments.

My father has strength—great strength. I repeat: it is not physical; it is something much greater. It is strength of mind—strength of spirit—strength of character!

Getting Into Character

ROBERT CUSHMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1944-1945

WHEN I RETURNED FROM MY THANKSGIVING VACATION, I found that I had something additional to be thankful for. The *Illini* had released the news of the *Romeo and Juliet* cast, and I had been fortunate enough to get a role—that of Tybalt.

Jim Carruth and I had tried out together a week before. We had gone to see a Mr. Shattuck, who was—we were told—in charge of the production. He put us through a very unusual tryout. Beside reading parts of the play, we had to pantomime fencing, boxing, and tennis. We had to left profile, right profile, kneel, bow, and even carry an imaginary sack of rocks. I realized later the reason for all these seemingly stupid actions. A person must get into character to do justice to his role, and to do this, he must not only know the lines, but he must also have good stage presence.

The first rehearsal was devoted to an informal read-through of the play. I knew nothing about Tybalt's character; I even pronounced his name "Tie-balt." Because of this ignorance, my first reading was horribly inept. Thoroughly disgusted with my lack of ability, I consulted Mr. Shattuck. I asked him just what kind of a guy Tybalt was.

His answer was to the point. He said, "Well, Bob, Tybalt was a mean s— — — —!"

This answer kindled the spark of Tybalt in me, and at each rehearsal, I learned more about him. Eventually he worked into my own character, and I began to "feel" the part after the first couple of weeks. Tybalt's lines show that he is quick to anger, and they show his bitterness toward the Montagues. Every line, sharp, and hateful, helped to paint his picture for me.

Learning all that I could about Tybalt's character, I set about to make myself as nearly like him as possible. His few lines were easily mastered, but correct emphasis had to be put on each word. I had to develop a hate—a genuine hate—for some of the actors in the production. After one performance, I was asked whether I was really angry at Jack Clay when I told him, "Romeo, the hate I bear thee—."

Actions on stage denote a very important part of Tybalt's character. I had to master quick, precise, and confident movements, and to carry myself in a haughty, superior manner. Above all, I had to make my eyes show hate. This I accomplished by glaring "out of the corner of the eye." My face had to be "set," the chin in, the eyebrows down, and the lips drawn into a thin line. These movements are very important because most of Tybalt's acting is silent and is done with movements, expressions of the face and eyes. Examples of this acting are shown in the ballroom scene where Tybalt is being repressed by Capulet, because he had tried to start a fight with Romeo; and in the third act when Tybalt returns, after killing Mercutio, to finish off Romeo.

The hardest, but most important, task I had was to forget that I was fighting with friends on the stage and to fight with the intent to kill. From one of Mercutio's speeches I had learned that Tybalt was the great fencer of the play and that he fought "one, two and the third in your bosom—." This knowledge made me feel a little egotistical. It was the same egotism that Tybalt has throughout his part in the play—the feeling of resentment that inferiors were allowed in his presence. I had to show this feeling through realistic swordsmanship. When I fought with Jim Wood (Benvolio) I had to be out for blood, which, incidentally, I drew: Jim has scars on his hands to show that.

After I had myself in character, I thought nothing could possibly improve my Tybalt. I was wrong! Make-up, lighting, staging, and costumes add much more character to any role.

Make-up artists gave me a mustache and beard, not unlike those of d'Artagnan in *The Three Musketeers*. My costume—the one I liked the better—was a leather outfit with a red sash around the waist. "Buccaneer" boots, armor collar, yellow gauntlets, and an "Anzac" type of hat completed this costume. Wearing it made me feel the part at least a hundred per cent better.

The staging was well suited to the costumes, and I could imagine the crowned heads of England sitting out there in the "Globe Theater" watching my performance. Tybalt and I were one. Thus, when I shot across the stage in Act I issuing the challenge to Benvolio, "What! Art thou drawn among these heartless hinds—," I was just putting to use the results of a long, tedious process, so necessary in the production of a play—that process known as getting into character.

The Paramecium

EUGENE KOLEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1944-1945

VASTLY MORE ABUNDANT THAN ANY OF THE MORE notable inhabitants of fresh water is the paramecium. Wherever there is fresh water containing dead organic matter, the paramecium, slipper-shaped in form, may be found. But all too few people have seen this one-celled animal, because it is microscopic.

For the beginning zoology student this minute though complex micro-organism offers an exceedingly interesting study. In its one cell there are various structures which aid in and carry on many body activities. Among the principal ones are a gullet into which food is taken, a mouth or cytostome, two contractile vacuoles for excretion, a micronucleus which aids in reproduction, a macronucleus which is the center of body activity, cilia for locomotion, and trichocysts or "stinging cells" which help protect the animal.

As one peers into the microscope for his first look at the paramecium, he is surprised to see how rapidly the almost transparent animal moves. With an undulating motion of the cilia, which are located around the body, it is capable of travelling at a remarkable speed for its size. Through closer observation one will notice that the slitlike gullet, which is located in the middle and to one side of the animal, seems to be moving from one side to the other. However, if one realizes that the paramecium is cylindrical and transparent, and that it moves with a rotating motion, he will more easily understand how the animal's gullet could appear in different places.

Besides acting as the locomotive structure of the paramecium, the cilia, or minute hairlike structures covering the outer surface and mouth of the animal, are vital for its food-getting. Around and inside the gullet there is a lining of cilia. These create a current which travels through the gullet, carrying with it many bits of dead organic matter to the mouth, or cytostome, a saclike structure also lined with cilia. These cilia force the water and food particles to the blind end of the cytostome, creating such a pressure that the end of the cytostome breaks off, forming a food or water vacuole. A vacuole is just a bubble in the protoplasm of a cell where food or water is found.

Digestion, circulation, respiration, and sensory stimulation are not carried on by specific structures. The general body surface secretes the enzymes of digestion, and this food is circulated by diffusion throughout the body surface. Like all higher animals the paramecium needs oxygen, but again it is the general body surface which acts as the respiratory structure. There is no definite nervous system, or even any sensory structures in the paramecium, but several stimuli do affect the animal in some way or another.

The principal stimuli which may elicit response are mechanical disturbances: change of temperature, light, chemical stimuli, and electrical stimuli. There possibly is a definite sensory structure, but as yet it has not been discovered. Here again it seems to be the general body surface.

Extremely close observation will uncover the most spectacular metabolic process of the paramecium, its method of excretion. At either end of the upper side of the paramecium may be seen two contractile vacuoles. One moment they seem like short pointed stars with a large center, and the next they appear like extremely long pointed stars with a very small center. Further investigation will show the reason for this phenomenon. The central or principal vacuole is large when it contains much waste from the body. The outlying or accessory vacuoles are small and stubby when they empty their wastes into the central vacuole. When the central vacuole becomes too large, it bursts, and all the wastes are let out of the body, leaving the central vacuole in a contracted state. Then the accessory vacuoles begin to expand and collect more wastes, and finally they empty into the central vacuole. Thus the accessory vacuoles function alternately with the central vacuole.

Like all other one-celled animals, the paramecium has considerable ability to regenerate or remake lost parts. This striking capacity is apparent in the almost instantaneous regeneration of the walls of the central vacuoles and the cytostome. As long as parts of each nucleus are present, a complete regeneration of the animal is possible.

Binary fission or simple cell division is the method of reproduction in the paramecium; yet it is not enough for its maintenance of reproductive ability. A process known as conjugation must occur from time to time to rejuvenate the sickening animal. This process involves the transfer of part of the micronuclei of the two individuals. It is accomplished when two paramecia attach at the cytostome, lose their macronuclei, and have their micronuclei divide in two, and then in four. Three of the micronuclei in each disintegrate, and the one left in each divides into a large stationary part, and a smaller moving part. The two moving parts transfer from one animal to the other, and unite with the stationary parts. The paramecia then separate, and the macronuclei appear again. The stationary micronuclei represent the female, and the moving represent the male. If nothing interfered externally, the paramecium could be immortal; in fact, it has "potential immortality."

Death of the paramecium usually occurs from some climatic change, from lack of food, or from its greatest enemy, the one-celled didinium. Like a little warrior warding off the terrible dragon, the paramecium fights bravely, jabbing his trichocysts or "stinging cells" into the larger didinium's hulk. But unlike the happy warrior, the poor paramecium is usually engulfed by the didinium. However, no matter how many of the little paramecia are destroyed, they are sure to remain one of the most plentiful animals on earth.

Democracy Under Pressure

By Stuart Chase

JACK GOMBERG

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1944-1945

IN THE HECTIC PERIOD IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE disaster at Pearl Harbor the entire nation was aroused to forgetting petty differences, and opposing factions united against the common danger. But in a very short time afterwards these different groups abandoned national unity in favor of furthering their own selfish interests and desires.

It is concerning these special interests, called pressure groups, that *Democracy Under Pressure* was written. The author, Stuart Chase, is a famous economist and liberal statesman. He is in an especially good position to know and understand this difficult subject because of his many years spent as chairman of important government agencies. Mr. Chase's chief purpose in writing the book at this time is to make each citizen fully aware of the extent to which his life is affected directly by the activities of the three most important pressure groups, "Big Business," "Big Labor," and "Big Agriculture."

Each of these three groups has at one time or another taken advantage of the critical wartime conditions to advance its own ends and purposes, usually at the expense of the rest of the public. Though differing sharply as to desired goals and generally representing conflicting economic groups, they still employ the same methods to achieve these goals.

First of all they establish lobbies in Washington and in the state Capitols and city halls. Then they attempt to get favorable candidates elected to office and influence those already in office. Once this is done it is a simple matter for them to achieve their main purpose—influencing legislation. All government officials are under a constant barrage of pressure to vote the "right" way. Failure to do so might mean the loss of countless votes in the next election.

Powerful organizations, such as the National Association of Manufacturers or the large labor unions, spend huge sums on propaganda campaigns in favor of such things as "free enterprise" or the "closed shop." Some economists go so far as to suggest that another house of Congress be established to represent solely economic interests. Then the members of the present houses of Congress would be free to represent truly their respective populations.

Mr. Chase does a remarkable job of analyzing these complex pressure

groups objectively, although he does not fully tell us whether these organizations are harmful or beneficial.

Democracy Under Pressure does accomplish its purpose of exposing these groups to the general public. Nevertheless the fact still remains that these pressure groups and super-monopolies are daily growing larger and more powerful. Whether they will dominate postwar economy, or whether the government will intercede and act as a huge consumer's pressure group in the benefit of the majority is yet to be decided.

The Longest Battle in Naval History

ERNEST ORCUTT

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

THE BATTLE OF THE KOMANDORSKIE ISLANDS WAS not only a major sea engagement but a miracle as well. For surely it is a miracle when a great fighting ship lies dead in the water, mortally wounded, and then comes back to life to defeat the enemy. It is also a miracle when three small, brave destroyers make a suicide torpedo run on ships that outweigh them ten tons to one—and succeed.

This strange battle took place on a bitterly cold March day in 1943, north of Kiska and east of the Russian owned Komandorskie Islands.

Our task force was steaming in the dusk before dawn—one heavy cruiser, one light cruiser, and four destroyers—looking for any Jap convoys that might be trying to reinforce Kiska. The admiral's flag flew on the light cruiser. My battle station was trainer in number one turret on the heavy cruiser. It wasn't long before our lookouts reported a number of ships' masts on the horizon, these masts later proving to be two Jap transports with destroyer escorts. Upon sighting us they shifted course, we in turn shifting ours to parallel them. A few minutes later more masts appeared. These were warships and not merchantmen. It was a Jap task force made up of two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, and six destroyers. The odds were now two to one in favor of the Japs. The only thing we could do was to hit and run.

The first salvo came from the leading Jap heavy—as we reversed our course—straddling but not hitting us. Following that were three salvos, all close. It was then that our main battery guns opened up, our fourth salvo hitting the leading Jap heavy on her forward superstructure, setting her afire. Our sixth salvo hit her again, and she retired from the fight to lick

her wounds. It wasn't long after this that we received our first hit. The shell exploded below the waterline, causing the ship to lurch violently. We exchanged more salvos, each Jap salvo coming closer and closer. We owed much to our captain, who maneuvered the ship on a zig-zagging course.

The ship again jumped and heaved, and we knew this time that we had been hit severely. This second hit had pierced the hull and entered the fire-rooms. The water was rising rapidly, men were manning pumps, and damage control parties were trying to plug up the hole with anything that was handy. But still the water continued to rise; the boilers would soon be out of commission and we would be dead in the water. The water was up to the shoulders of the workers now—the ice-gray waters of the Bering Sea—and the propellers shuddered to a stop.

The captain then sent a message to the admiral on the light cruiser, telling him that our speed was zero and asking for a destroyer smoke screen. Immediately a smoke screen was laid down around us to hold off the Jap force and to enable us to repair our engines. To further the confusion, our after turrets were running out of ammunition. To remedy this, shells and powder had to be carried from the forward turrets, aft. The Jap salvos were inching up close to our fantail. They scored their third and fourth hits amidships on the superstructure deck with devastating effect.

The captain calmly passed this word over the announcing system: "Well, boys. I guess this is it. Stick to your stations and we will go down fighting." My whole life passed before my eyes. Death was close beside me and my shipmates. I started shaking uncontrollably and praying, as did every man on board. Silence was complete. Men were looking at each other with blank expressions on their faces, too bewildered and dumbfounded to speak.

The admiral then signaled three destroyers to make a torpedo run on the Jap force. It was a suicide run but had to be done. These three brave little ships started out at full speed, each man on board knowing that he would probably not return. White plumes of foam showed from their sterns as they drove forward toward the Japs. The range was closing between them until only nine thousand yards remained. There was a sickening roar and the destroyer leader received a hit, slowing her down to half speed. She turned and in turning let go her sleek, silver "fish," in one last effort at the leading Jap ship. One torpedo scored a hit and the Jap force turned tail and retired over the horizon. They had had enough. Our three little ships had saved the day.

By this time we had our steam up and were going ahead slowly, steadily. We returned to our home base that night with the knowledge that we had won over and turned back a numerically superior Jap fleet. We couldn't praise the boys on the destroyers enough. We had been prepared to die, and they had given us back our lives.

Conscription? — No!

LOIS ANNE BRADEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1944-1945

BEFORE THE HOUSE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE IS the May Bill, which, if passed, would establish permanent peacetime conscription. The powerful groups now supporting this bill are in favor of compelling every young man (Mrs. Roosevelt wants to include women too) of seventeen to devote a year to a military training program. They argue that such a program would have many benefits: military, health, economic, and educational. Unfortunately, these supporters of the May Bill seem to regard compulsory military training as a prize package, a kind of patent medicine that is good for many ailments—take it and you can't lose! They think it's grandmother's reliable sulfur and molasses for post-war Uncle Sam. But let's examine their arguments carefully.

Their military argument is one of national security: the country needs compulsory military training after the war in order to police certain parts of the world, to protect itself against aggression, and to prevent future wars. But there are other means more effective than compulsory peacetime military training for purposes of policing, defense, and war prevention. This compulsory training, instead of adding to our security, would greatly undermine it. Adopting such a program now would reveal a lack of confidence in the general international organization and would imply distrust of other nations who might then doubt whether the United States is in reality a peace-loving nation. Those nations, in turn, might increase their own armaments for protection's sake.

So, as you can see, military training offers no assurance of peace, but instead builds a basis for war. Did not war first blossom in a militarily trained Europe? The most heavily militarized nations in recent history have had the least security against war.

The health argument is that compulsory military training would improve the health of the nation by providing healthful living, vigorous physical training, and needed corrective medical treatment. I believe physical benefits would be more soundly established if the same money and care were used throughout the country by civilian agencies. Health is gained not so much by a year's military training as by attention to the physical needs of boys and girls through infancy and childhood. Only the physically fit would be included in such a program, anyway. Far better health for the nation would

be secured through a national health program for people of all ages. President McPherson (Town Meeting of the Air, April 27, 1944) said, "It is not true that military training is good physical education. I have that on the authority of the man who put in the physical education program at West Point . . . who said that the use of a musket or military drill for that purpose was not nearly as effective as a well-regulated, first-class gymnasium and physical education program."

The economic argument—that conscription would reduce unemployment by draining a group of men and young women from job competition—is not a sound one. Instead of safeguarding the rights of labor, conscription can easily become a threat to its freedom. It's entirely possible to take away the right to strike simply by calling workmen to the colors and then ordering them back to work under military command. Daladier, former premier of France, did just that in the early stages of the war recently ended. By supporting conscription Americans would favor being placed in danger of such a threat and would subject themselves to an increased heavy tax burden.

As for the education argument—I say military training is a serious interruption to the course of study through high school and college. It will cause many young men to lose initiative and enterprise. Would you be enthusiastic about another year's delay in preparing for a profession requiring three or four years' training beyond college? And concerning the educational values—it hardly seems necessary to undergo a year of military training to become an army cook, or a navy bookkeeper. Civilian schools are better training institutions than the army for skills and traits needed for democratic citizenship today.

Should this May Bill, then, be allowed to saddle youth, which has had no voice in the decision, with a system that would have such lasting effects upon its future? Definitely not! Youth should be given a peace program which would insure the Four Freedoms. Does peacetime conscription insure freedom of religion, the right of man to serve the highest ideal he has? On the contrary, conscription recognizes no higher duty than military obedience to the state. Does it insure freedom of speech? Military discipline destroys individuality and the right to speak freely. Does it insure freedom from want and from fear? No! Conscription increases fear by maintaining the war system and increases want by taking men away from productive occupations.

It's our future the May Bill is planning, so let's voice our opinion of it before it's too late. We mustn't let the bill pass. Let's write our senators and representatives today!

Rhet as Writ

I think rhetoric is necessary, because it is usually expected for a college graduate to carry a conversation without making dramatical errors. Without rhetoric a student wouldn't be prepared to meet the demands of the public because you establish contact with your good english. Rhetoric gives a student courage and power to express himself with words that will enthrall the listener. I am sure of this oppinion, because the university of Illinois seems to agree with me.

. . . .

They fought against an enemy who was out for victory and would take no for an answer.

. . . .

His thoughts leak out as strange inductions.

. . . .

General MacArthur said the men had taken him out of the jaws of death and that he would forget it.

. . . .

The only possible change in rushing I can suggest is that girls could be rushed by the fraternities. I think we'd stand a much better chance of getting in there.

. . . .

The food in the army was good and healthful for you could see it on our faces.

. . . .

Among the various impressive expressions on the girl's faces, many Ah's, Uh's, and Oh's could be heard.

. . . .

The question of delinquency is being discussed widely today so that we may try to curb it. However, in order to be able to clear the country of delinquency it is necessary for the breeding of it to be discovered and then stopped.

. . . .

I will admit I didn't have too many dates anyway but . . . my dates were strictly with the female sex. I managed to be satisfied like everyone else.

. . . .

The thing that keeps this story from being pure fiction is that it is not fiction, but history.